

WEATHER BULLETIN.

WEATHER BUREAU,
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 6, 1893.
Forecast for Wichita and vicinity—
Fair and continued warm until Wednesday.
During the past twenty-four hours the
highest temperature was 67, the lowest
52, and the mean 59, with clear weather,
fresh south wind and slowly falling bar-
ometer.
Thus far this month the average tem-
perature has been
For the past five years the average
temperature for the month of November
has been 43, and for the 6th day 50.
FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—The following
is the forecast up to 5 p. m. Sunday:
For Kansas—Fair brisk and high south
winds, shifting to westerly; cooler Tues-
day night.
For Missouri—Fair; continued warm
southerly winds.

CONWAY SPRINGS ITEMS.

CONWAY SPRINGS, Kan., Nov. 6.—The
Gray and Riggs law suit was terminated
last Thursday in the district court, by the
jury deciding in favor of Mr. Riggs. This
has been a long and protracted trial. Two
juries sat on this case in the justice's
court, the first disagreeing, the second de-
ciding in favor of Mr. Riggs. The costs
in this case are over \$1,000. Over one hun-
dred witnesses were subpoenaed in Con-
way Springs and vicinity. The whole
amount in controversy between Mr.
Gray and Mr. Riggs was less than \$200.
Mr. Gray claimed that his own was \$200.
Mr. Riggs' stock in the early part
of the year 1891.

Mr. D. S. Miller has moved his meat
shop four doors east of his old stand, where
he is conveniently located.
Mr. John T. Chittenden, now occupying
the old stand of Mr. Miller with a general
stock of merchandise.
Last Tuesday evening the first of the
five lectures on the world's fair by Rev.
E. J. Brown was delivered to the Methodist
Episcopal church of this place. The
church was well filled, and the lecture
highly spoken of by all who heard it.
The second of these lectures will be deliv-
ered in the Methodist Episcopal church
next Tuesday evening.

Mr. F. L. Warburton and wife returned
last Saturday from their wedding tour.
Mr. Warburton has been living in Con-
way Springs for the past two years. He
will be greatly missed from the society of
the young people.

Mr. G. A. Talbert and Miss Edie Barnett
were married last Wednesday evening at
the residence of the bride's father. The
wedding was a very quiet, yet a very neat
affair. Only a few of the intimate friends
of the bride and groom were present. Mr.
Talbert has been a resident of Conway
Springs for many years, and is well liked
by the people. The bride, Miss Barnett,
has been a resident of the city of Conway
Springs for the past seven years, and is a
very estimable young lady.

Mr. H. T. Boutley has returned from an
extended trip to the east.
Mrs. P. L. Bickmore returned from the
world's fair.

ASSASSIN PREDECESSOR.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—Mayor Harrison's as-
sassin, Predecessor, appeared for trial to-
day, but, upon request of attorneys, the
case was continued by Judge Dunne
until November 27. The lawyers for the
defense stated that they desired time to
study the case. Predecessor's attorneys
are A. S. Wade of Chicago and R. Essex
of St. Joseph Mo.
Mr. Wade, principal counsel for
Predecessor, admitted that the defense
would be a plea of insanity. The chief
ground on which the court granted a con-
tinuance was that it would be necessary
to send to distant states for witnesses re-
specting the early life and habits of the
defendant.

An extraordinary attraction Predecessor is a
failure. The public seems to take little
interest in him or the trial. Today's pro-
ceedings were utterly devoid of the fea-
tures dear to sensation lovers.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—The national com-
mission of the Columbian exposition ad-
journing sine die today. President Palmer
will now convene the executive committee,
which will act for the commission, with
full power to decide any questions which
the national commission had to give up
because of lack of a quorum.
The model of the United States treasury
building, built of souvenir coins, and
which was situated in the administration
building, was torn down today. The
coins in the edifice remaining unsold ag-
gregate about 50,000 gold dollars. They
will be retained at \$1 apiece until the de-
mand is exhausted, when what are left
will be returned to the mint for redemption
at their face value.

BANK WRECKER MOSHER.

OMAHA, Nov. 6.—Following out the or-
der of the court, Bank Wrecker C. W.
Mosher will be delivered to the Sioux
falls penitentiary on Saturday, to serve a
five years' sentence for perjury, forgery
and embezzlement while acting as presi-
dent of the Capital National bank of Lin-
coln. He was sentenced last May, but
since then has been allowed practically
his liberty.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 6.—Judge John-
son today decided that the indictment
found by the late grand jury against Di-
rectors Elliott and Noyes of the Plankin-
ton bank are invalid, because the grand
jury returned in its report that the bank
had failed. This decision invalidates all
the indictments against the officers of the
Plankinton and the South Side Savings
bank.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and
leads to personal enjoyment when
rightly used. The many who live bet-
ter than others and enjoy life more, with
less expenditure, by more promptly
adapting the world's best products to
the needs of physical being, will attest
the value to health of the pure liquid
laxative principles embraced in the
remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting
in the form most acceptable and pleas-
ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly
beneficial properties of a perfect laxa-
tive: effectually cleansing the system,
dispelling colds, headaches and fevers
and permanently curing constipation.
It has given satisfaction to millions and
met with the approval of the medical
profession, because it acts on the Kid-
neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-
ening them and it is perfectly free from
every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists
in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-
ufactured by the California Fig Syrup
Co. only, whose name is printed on every
package, also the name, Syrup of Figs,
and being well informed, you will not
accept any substitute if offered.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—"If the majority
of the ways and means committee does
not really expect to have the tariff bill
ready before the beginning of the regular
session, the bringing in and passage of a
resolution indicating earlier action seems to
me to be unfortunate," said Mr. Reed of
Maine.

He continued: "I am informed that a
good many manufacturers, expecting that
there would be no final action by congress
on the tariff until next spring, were pre-
paring to resume operations, which have
been suspended for some time, and keep
their works running for a few months at
least, but that most of them will now de-
cide not to do so. Mr. Russell, of Con-
necticut, who is interested in woolen
manufacturing, told me yesterday that he
thought that would be the effect."

OBITUARY.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Sir Andrew Clark
died at 5 o'clock this afternoon. He was
Mr. Gladstone's physician, and was one of
the most distinguished men in the medical
profession.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 6.—Peter Tchak-
ovsky, the Russian composer, is dead.
GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 6.—George A.
Jasper, assistant secretary of the territory,
died suddenly today at the home of
Acting Governor Lowe. He belonged to a
family of old settlers in this territory, and
his death is a great loss to the community.

CONDEMNED TO DIE.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 6.—Both di-
visions of the supreme court, as a court in
bank were in session today. The court in
bank overrode the motion for rehearing in
the case of Samuel Webster, the St. Louis
murderer, who shot his mistress, Cleo-
mentine Morning, in 1891. The court
sentenced him to be hanged on Dec. 15,
next.

WHISKY AND MURDER.

ELYRIA, O., Nov. 6.—Charles Manning
while drunk tonight, shot and killed
his wife, seriously wounding her cousin
Mrs. W. R. White, and then committed
suicide. Mrs. White will recover. Mrs.
Manning had begun proceedings for a di-
vorce, and the husband had often threat-
ened to kill her. Tonight while the two
women were returning from church, Man-
ning snaked up behind them on the street
and began firing, which resulted as
related.

BASEBALL.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 6.—The organiza-
tion of the Western Baseball League has
at last been completed, and will enter
upon the season of 1894 with these eight
clubs: Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Kansas
City, St. Louis, St. Paul, Indianapolis,
Columbus and Toledo. St. Paul and
Omaha could not make a sufficiently
strong showing. A meeting will be held
in Chicago on November 10 to elect officers
and complete arrangements.

BREIDENBATH STOOD OFF.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 6.—Bank Com-
missioner Breidenbath today wired Attorney
General Little from Chicago, asking him
to come to that place at once. The Bailey
bank refuses to allow Mr. Breidenbath to
make an examination of its affairs. The
attorney general claims that he is an officer
of the bank, and that the bank commissioner
has no right to interfere with property that is
in his hands.

SAFE-BLOWERS.

EMPORIA, Kan., Nov. 6.—Burglars broke
into the postoffice at Emporia last night
and blew open the safe. The explosion
shattered nearly half the inmates of the
town, but the burglars escaped. They
got but little booty.

A FRONTIER KILLER.

CADDO, I. T., Nov. 6.—Dave Bohannon,
who killed Ben Foreman of Omaha last
September, and who has never been
arrested for the crime, quarreled
with Dr. Rouch over a bet at a horse race
near Kad. last Saturday. Bohannon
knocked Rouch down, gave him a severe
beating, took his pistol away from him,
and shot at him. It is said that Foreman's
widow will offer a reward of \$500 for the
capture of Bohannon.

THE OSAGE COUNCIL.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Nov. 6.—The
grant council of the Osage nation con-
vened today at Pawnee for legislative
business. A powwow was anticipated and
as warm a time as at the last session of
the congress. There are fifteen members.
The presiding officer is Sam Trumbull.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.

Hon. Edmund I. Pitts, the late presi-
dent of the New York state senate, writes:
"STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAM-
BER, Albany, March 11, 1888.—I have
used Alcock's Porous Plasters in my
family for the past five years and can
truthfully say they are a valuable remedy
in effect great cures. I would not be
without them. I have in several instances
given some to friends suffering with weak
and lame backs, and they have invariably
afforded certain and speedy relief. They
cannot be too highly commended."

THE ENGLISH MINERS.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—E. P. O'Connor, M. P.
in an article in the Sun, yesterday, saying
that to interfere in the coal strike, saying
that the failure of the negotiations is
simply a menace of starvation and despair
to hundreds of thousands of people. "We
are face to face with a famine," he says, "with
a great national emergency, and in danger
of a national crisis. It is time for the
nation to interfere, as the coal mine own-
ers have neglected war against the nation."

BAYARD BANQUETED.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 6.—The lord mayor
gave a banquet at the town hall this eve-
ning in honor of Thomas F. Bayard, the
American ambassador. Mr. Bayard re-
sponded at some length in response of a
toast to himself. He was followed by
Council General Collins, who spoke to
the toast, "The Commercial Interests of
Both Countries."

NEW TRIALS GRANTED.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—The supreme
court today granted new trials to two In-
dian Territory murderers—John Brown,
who killed Justice J. B. McPherson, and
Marshall Thomas W. Whitehead, and
John Graves, who killed an unknown
white man.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T., Nov. 6.—A ne-
gro named Clark and his wife and daugh-
ter were found in their cabin in the coun-
ty northeast of here with their throats
cut and badly fractured by blows from
an axe. They were assaulted and robbed of
\$200 by a negro who lived with them.
Mrs. Clark is dead and the others can
scarcely recover.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO. AT WORLD'S FAIR.

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—
Marshall Field & Co. on their direct
exhibit, that of luxury, have been awarded
highest honors at the world's fair. Their
linen department is declared by foreign
experts to be unsurpassed in the world.
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SHOT BY HIS WIFE.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 6.—John Miner was
shot dead this morning at his home at 910
Morgan street by his deserted wife. For
some time Miner had been dividing his at-
tentions between two women. The wife
is under arrest.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Nov. 6.—Dan
and Floyd Smith, negroes, are in jail in
this city charged with attempting to hold
up a Pullman passenger train at Union
on Saturday night. They claim
that they were only attempting to steal a
ride.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

How Mrs. Franklin Secured Her
New Clothes.

When Saturday was over and Mr. and
Mrs. Franklin were alone by themselves
in the clean kitchen, sitting beside the
stove, Mrs. Franklin rose, went into her
bedroom and brought out a bundle of
clothes.

"I want you to look at these things,
Jeremiah," she said, mildly.
"What are they?" said he.
She spread them out on the floor.
"That is my best dress," she said.
"Those are my best shoes. That is the
only bonnet I've got in the world but my
calico sun-bonnet, and that is my
Sunday shawl."

She uttered the words quietly, and
waited.

"Well?" said Mr. Franklin, still smok-
ing.

He said nothing. She gathered up
garments with a look of disdain, and
piled them on a chair.

"You're a rich man," she said.
"Rich, for a farmer. You are sixty and
fifty years old. Our boys are married.
I haven't had any money to spend for
five years. I'm a sight to behold. If I
were a servant I should get wages and
not have to beg. No, I don't beg.
Jeremiah, since you don't offer it
yourself, I'm going to tell you that I
want money. I want a hundred dol-
lars to buy me some new clothes to
feel decent and comfortable in. I'm
really destitute. Why, I'm out of fan-
nel! My calico gowns are patched at
the elbow. My shoe heels are twisted.
I can't go to church any more, for I've
turned my black silk twice, and the
back breaths upside down. I've
washed my bonnet ribbons. I've done
all I could rather than ask for what
you didn't offer, and there's no need.
You're well-to-do. I want to be de-
cent and take a little comfort while I
must. There, now! It's my right!"

She had spoken her mind, and Mr.
Franklin felt that a climax had ar-
rived. He had "laid by" a large sum.
He was growing old and had no need
to pinch, but the awful demand for a
hundred dollars all in a lump was too
much for him. He had become used to
Eva Maria's quiet way of mending her
old clothes and asking for no money,
and it had never occurred to him that
she would some time come down upon him
like this.

He stared silently, and puffed across
the stove the smoke of the cheap to-
bacco he burnt in a common corn-cob
pipe. The old rag carpet was clean.
The old chairs were mended with car-
pet bottoms. It was all tidy, but noth-
ing was new. Nothing pretty but the
scarlet geraniums in their big pots on
the window-sill. He had given his
wife very little in their thirty years of
married life; for all the furniture was
his mother's. She had helped him make
his fortune, selling butter and eggs and
pot-cheese and flower roots, feeding the
hens cheaply and well, weeding veg-
etables and even riding the mowing ma-
chine, now and then—though not very
lately. Conscience told him that he
ought to pull from his vest pocket the
crumpled hundred dollar note he had re-
ceived that morning for some day at
the landing and say: "Here, Eva Maria,
why didn't you speak before?" But
when great takes possession of the
heart of man, it holds on like a leech.
All he said, after the silence had re-
mained unbroken for some minutes,
was:

"Well, Eva Maria, I'll think it over."

To some women there is no agony
like asking a husband for money.

They want a love-gift, not alms.
Generally they have to ask at last.

Eva Maria had nerved herself at last
in the misery of her husband's make to
make the speech she wanted to make,
but it seemed a fearful thing to do. She
little guessed that she had frightened
Jeremiah almost out of his senses.

"A hundred dollars!" he said to him-
self. "She must know what I've got
about me. She must mean to have it.
Fifty now, I'd give. But a hundred!
I'll get the money changed, and give
her fifty."

He opened the door of the passage,
crossed it and went into the parlor.
It was a cold, neat place, kept sacred
for great occasions. It had a grate in
it, but it was doubtful if a fire would be
lighted there that winter. It had been
inconvenient to take it down that sum-
mer, so fringed pink paper had been ar-
ranged between the pinked bars and
the rug drawn across the hearth.
Photographs of several members of the
family hung by red cords from the wall,
dotted muslin curtains with neatly
fluted ruffles covered the green paper
blinds. A dish of wax fruit, covered
by a glass shade, ornamented the cen-
ter-table, and the horsehair furniture
had been so little used in two genera-
tions that it looked almost new. The
vases on the mantle were old-fashioned
blue ware, for which a china-worship-
per would have paid a great price.

Eva Maria should have fifty dollars,
but she said she had a right to a
hundred. If he gave her the bill in his
pocket she would spend it. It was Sat-
urday evening; he could not get it
changed that night—no, not until Mon-
day. If he looked it up, she would
know, and take it out, perhaps, and do
as she pleased with it. She had de-
clared her "right" to it. Eva Maria,
humblest of the humble, meekest of
the meek, had spoken out! Could it be?

"This comes of these here strong-
minded meetings!" said Mr. Franklin.
This was not logical, for Mrs. Frank-
lin had not attended one of them.
"Women used to be timid. They are
wicked over the traces now. No-
body," he soliloquized. Mr. Franklin,
growing more and more ungrateful,
looked at his watch—"nine o'clock"—
and went to bed, "especially a wife
of mine. I must hide the money until
I can change it. She might look into
my pockets. She said she had a right
to it, and she looked determined."

At this moment he heard a movement
in the kitchen. He believed it to be his
wife about to come in search of him and
tried to think faster.

The vessel! Should he hide the note
there? No; there were still some asters
in the garden, and Eva Maria might fill
the vases with bonnets, as she some-
times did on Sunday afternoons, setting
them for the nonce on the kitchen man-
tel. No, the vases would not do.
The ingrain carpet was tacked down tight,
—surely there was a step in the pas-
sage! The grate! There, underneath the
fringed paper, it might lie safely all
night.

He drew his pocket-book from his
bosom and stuffed it between two loose
bricks at the back of the grate. The

PECULIARLY MADE.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets
are made of refined and
concentrated botanical ex-
tracts, and are sugar-coated.
They are made in an im-
proved chemical labora-
tory under the direct supervision of scientific
men. Everything else being equal, the small-
er the size of a liver pill, the more comfort.
They do not shock the system, but regulate,
cleanse and tone up the liver, stomach, and
bowels, in nature's own way.

They're put up in sealed glass vials, easily
carried in the vest-pocket.
In Rheum, Disorders, Sick Headache, Con-
stipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, or for break-
ing up sudden attacks of Colds, Fevers, and
Inflammation, "Pleasant Pellets" are prompt
and effective in action.
Peculiar in the way they're sold, too, for
they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or
your money is returned.

A certain and lasting cure, for the worst
Catarrh in the Head, is guaranteed by the
makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

pink fringes of the paper concealed it.
All was safe. He creaked across the
passage into the kitchen with a con-
sciousness of great meanness in his
heart. Mrs. Franklin, having executed her
terrible intention, had taken flight to
her bedroom, where she sat in the
cold with a little shawl over her
shoulders, trembling. He said some-
thing about about seeing Jones about
those pigs, and told the house, and the
two led no more conversation until
breakfast. Then Mr. Franklin, with
unusual piety, went to church,
while his wife stayed at home to cook
dinner, no one else being at hand to do it.

Just as the beef was so far done that
she could open the oven doors there
came a knock upon the door, and open-
ing it she saw upon the porch her Cousin
Brown and the minister. Church
was out, and Cousin Brown had brought
the reverend gentleman to his friends' to
dine. Mrs. Franklin received both
hospitably, and hastened to usher them
into the parlor. The yellow artemisias
shone bravely in the big blue vases.
Mr. Franklin had been wise not to hide
his money there; but it was cold—very
cold.

"Will light a fire," said the good wom-
an. "It won't take minute. It's the
first fire of the season, or I'd have the
grate fired."

She tucked the paper down into the
grate, the easiest way to rid of it,
piled on wood and placed the scuttle
ready. As she struck the match she
gave a little cry, but repressed it in-
stantly. The flames blazed up merrily
and roared behind the blower.

When Mr. Franklin returned the
blower was down and the two men
were warming their feet at a compact
mass of red coal.

He looked at his Eva Maria. Her cold,
composed New England face, with its
high nose and close-cut mouth, betrayed
no emotion.

"She don't know what she has done!"
he said to himself; but he did.

The ghost of that hundred dollars
stared at him from the embers. He
could not talk, he could not compose
himself. Cousin Brown opined he was
not well. The minister remarked that
"in the midst of life we are in death,"
and seemed to prophesy his funeral. It
was not a gay dinner, but then it was
Sunday.

That night Mrs. Franklin missed her
spouse from his bed. She went to look
for him, and found him poking in the
ashes of the dead fire with the tongs.
He looked up with a very red face.

"I don't think these here coals kin be
good," he said, confusedly.

"Did you get up in the night to look
at them?" she asked.

He made no answer and returned to
bed.

Next morning his wife again attacked
him.

"Have you thought that matter over?"
she asked.

He told her he had, and it had occurred to
him that Providence had prepared a
special judgment for him in destroy-
ing that money. He felt that his wife
had spoken the truth. She had a right
to decent clothes—she who had served
him so well for so many years.

"I've thought it over, Eva Maria," he
said, and arose and went to his desk, a
queer, old-fashioned one built in the
house wall. When he returned, he
brought with him a blank check.

"Get what you like, my dear," he
said, "and get it nice. Fill the check
up just as you please."

He had not called her "my dear" for
years. She smiled up at him very gen-
tly; tears were near his eyes.

However, she used the check to dress
herself comfortably. It was the first
time for many years that she had in-
dulged in the luxury of shopping freely.

At night he met her at the depot,
loaded with parcels, tired but smiling.
He had not seen her so bright for many
a day.

After tea that night they together
beside the stove as before, and she
looked at him in a peculiar way.

"You didn't seem to feel cheerful
Sunday afternoon, Jeremiah," she re-
marked. "What ailed you?"

"I don't want to tell you," he an-
swered.

"But I'll tell you," she said. "You
thought I burned the pocketbook you
hid in the grate. I didn't."

She put her hand into her work-bas-
ket and drew it out intact, with the
money in it.

"I was just in time," she said. "But
I understood at once when I saw it
sticking between the bricks. If you
hadn't given me the check, I should
have spent the money. There's a con-
fession for you, Jeremiah!"

He looked at her, half angry, half as-
tonished. She arose and came to him,
and put her hands on his shoulders.

"But I should never have enjoyed
wearing them," she said. "I should
have hated them. I think. These that
I bought to-day, with your free gift, I
shall love while there's a rag of them
left."

ERRORS A CENTURY AGO.

Miss Helena Wells Warned Her Pupils
Not to Say "Pinfore."

The letters of the excellent Miss
Helena Wells, written in 1794, "on
Subjects of Importance to the Happi-
ness of Young Females," have long
passed into the dusty regions of an-
cient libraries; but when she added
to her few practical lessons on the
Improprieties of Language and Er-
rors of Pronunciation, which fre-
quently occur in common Conversa-
tion, she touched upon a subject of
perennial interest, still green after a
hundred years.

In looking over her lists of vulgar
errors it is curious to find that the
very peculiarities we now associate
with Mr. Samuel Weller are among
those from which it was necessary to
warn young ladies of good family in
London a century ago. Their teacher
warns them not to say "weal" and
"winger," "cill" and "vinder" and
"witch." She begs them on no account
to be heard saying "ill-convenient,"
"however," "hissful," "affaird," or
"attaeked." She warns them against
"nothink" and "handkercher" and
"Lunnon." Other inelegancies, still
heard freely in high circles in Eng-
land, and sometimes in America also,
were the object of solicitude to this
good lady in 1794. The omission
of the final g and of the preliminary h,
the use of "weil" and "weat" and "be-
hold" for "while" and "what" and "be-
hold"—on these Anglicisms the good-
ness of a century have, it would seem,
seem, labored in vain. Other peculiarities,
then visible or audible, seem now
to have disappeared. Does anyone now
say "nymph" and "triumph," of
which she complains? In some cases
she simply records a swing of the pen-
dulum, which has since vibrated the
other way. She bids them, for in-
stance, say "oblige" for "oblige."

Now this was the genteel pronun-
ciation of the time; as we know, for in-
stance, by Goldsmith's famous couplet:
"Dreading evil tools by flatterers basely
used, and o'er his name he never blazed."

Webster and Choute said "obligeed,"
but we do not now hear it. Miss Wells
also affords an instance of the final
exit of a very obvious pronunciation
based on etymology, but now quite
lost. She tells her pupils that they
must not say "pinfore," but "pin-
before." The reason is plain: "afore"
was a vulgarism. But in this, as in
many other cases, the vulgarism has
got the upper hand, and euphony is
stronger than etymology. Fancy an
opera of "Pinbefore"—Harper's Baz-
zar.

Properly Rebutted.

"Before you go down-town, Cyrus,"
said his wife, "you must not forget to
leave me fifty cents. I've got to buy
some things this morning."

"This abominable extravagance of
yours, Belinda," replied Mr. Kneer,
opening his pocket-book with visible
reluctance, "is what keeps us poor.
Where, I should like to know, is the con-
tinent, becoming excited, 'is the fifty
cents I gave you last week? What
have you done with it? Fifty cents in
clean, cold cash, madam, gone in less
than six days, and gone for nothing!
What have you got to show for it? Do
you think I'm made of money?" de-
manded Mr. Kneer, taking out a coin
and slapping it down on the table.

"Do you—"

"Don't say anything more, Cyrus!"
exclaimed Mrs. Kneer, with tears in
her eyes, and putting her hand hur-
riedly over the money. "I'll not spend
any more of it than I am actually
obliged to spend, and I thank you ever
so much!"

With a mollified grunt Cyrus put his
purse back in his pocket, took his hat,
and went down-town; and in less than
half an hour Mrs. Kneer, trembling
with eagerness, was on the way to the
great dry-goods stores.

For Mr. Cyrus Kneer, by the most
calamitous and unaccountable blunder